

AT DRILL HALL

Waw-Waw House Dance

Saturday Night

THE GATEWAY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXVI, NO. 8.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1945

ATTENTION, SKATERS!

Varsity Rink Opens

This Sunday Afternoon

EIGHT PAGES

Inter-Year Plays "On Stage" Next Friday

Suicide Wave Sweeping Campus

Unhappy Student Officials Forced to Drastic Measures

Most sensational campus news in years is the action taken this week by several Students' Union officials.

President Ronald Helmer last Friday night was found in his room draped across his bloodstained bed, still clasping in one hand a broken straight razor. Rushed immediately to hospital by two janitors, he is still in a critical condition, although hope for his recovery is held out by one or two internes. Severe loss of blood has so weakened his condition that he is still receiving transfusions, authorities state.

Odd sidelight of the accident was that only fourteen students were in residence on that frightful evening. The remainder were studying in the library. The fourteen claimed that they were so engrossed with their books that they failed to hear Helmer's agonizing screams.

In another end of Athabasca Hall, Treasurer David Bentley was found crouched by his door, doubled up in pain. A large phial of iodine was found by his side, almost entirely consumed. A room-mate returning from a class was unable to drag any one away from his desk long enough to help administer first aid. Bentley's life was saved when the room-mate straightened the stricken Treasurer out on the floor and jumped on his stomach.

Reason for Bentley's action was not clear. Later questioning of the room-mate revealed that Bentley had returned disconsolate from the general budget meeting, feeling down-hearted at the poor attendance. However, it was not expected that Bentley, who according to reports of friends was of very even temperament, would adopt such drastic measures.

It yet another section of the campus, Bud MacDonald, recently appointed Director of Waw-Waw Weekend, was found dangling by a towel in a St. Stephen's college washroom. Regular inhabitants of the college, returning from the Arts Building shortly after 10 o'clock, found in MacDonald's room a suicide note. The note explained the Director's actions. His utter failure to secure co-operation from campus clubs regarding Waw-Waw entertainment had so lowered his spirits that he attempted to take his life, rather than report his lack of success to Council.

MacDonald, although held in high regard by his fellow residents, was left dangling as each of the spectators felt himself unable to take time off from studying to cut the unfortunate man down. MacDonald survived, however, because of the strong sinewy nature of his neck, which eventually outlasted the towel. He came crashing to the tile floor, suffering a sprained ankle. He has been seen making his way around the campus this week, his main complaint being that his stiff neck prevents bending over his Psychology textbook for periods longer than an hour.

The above cited incidents were the most spectacular in the weird epidemic of self-inflicted casualties. However, several minor developments have later assumed considerable importance. Jack Cuyler, Director of the Yearbook, made the startling announcement that since most students find themselves too busy to have their photographs taken, he considers it necessary to resort to publishing one more final edition of the Orphan, in place of the Evergreen and Gold.

The Editor-in-Chief of The Gateway has stated that further publication of the student newspaper is highly improbable, since prospective writers have failed to prepare copy for the publication. Their reasons

IS OUR STUDENTS' COUNCIL NECESSARY?

-:- An Editorial -:-

Have you any further need for a Students' Council? Can it continue to exist?

Student Councils have for years received editorial criticism. But this year, for the first time, the necessity of the Council's continued existence is seriously questioned.

Why is there a Students' Union, a Constitution, and a Council? What is their purpose? What are they expected to achieve? The executive of the Union which is the Council, is the unifying force of the student body, the centralized administration, the focal point of all activity. Its purpose is to coordinate, organize, and direct. It makes the arrangements, and assures that those arrangements are carried out. It is obviously established for the benefit of the students generally. Does our Council achieve that purpose?

All that the Students' Council stands for, all that it is expected to do, all that it considers its duty—these things can come to pass only at the will of the Students' Union. Every man and woman (working for a degree) at the University is a member of that Students' Union. If the Council is to achieve its purpose, it must do so in co-operation with the students. It cannot go the way alone, but that is just what our Council is doing. It is going the way alone. Why? Because it is forced to! Because it has no alternative. Because, as always, but more particularly this year, too few students will work with or for the Council.

Last Friday a general Students' Union meeting was called to give assent to the highest budget in Varsity history. The necessary quorum was two hundred. Not counting Council members, seven persons were present. Seven, out of twenty-five hundred. It seems hardly possible. The constitution requirements regarding notice were met. In addition, notices were put in every classroom save three in the Arts and Medical buildings. After the meeting, Student President Ron Helmer, disappointed and disheartened, muttered, "If only those who complained to me about the entertainment of B.C. had shown up, there would have been a quorum." Put yourself in Helmer's shoes. What chance has he to conduct extra-curricular affairs with anything resembling enthusiasm, spirit, or efficiency? In the face of such appalling lack of interest the whole machinery bogs down.

Clamors were general regarding Waw-Waw Weekend. A director—a capable one—was appointed. Students expect a planned program of entertainment. But somebody has to put on that program. It doesn't arrange itself. The club which last year, and the year before, highlighted the weekend, found itself quite unable to participate in anything this year. Many other groups displayed the same enthusiasm. How can there possibly be a Waw-Waw Weekend if no one co-operates behind the scenes?

For years students have complained about getting insufficient radio time on CKUA. This year they can have almost as much as they want—and yet clubs have to be begged to go on the air. If the University gets time on the radio, somebody has to stand in front of the microphone and do something.

Students will complain bitterly if the Yearbook and Gateway aren't out on time, or if the quality doesn't suit them. But somebody has to work on those publications, in their own time and at the expense of their own studies.

Obviously something is wrong. The organizers of curricular affairs aren't getting enough support to maintain the activities any longer.

Certainly students come here to work and to learn. Returned men and freshmen usually must study to make their grades. If hard work is the answer, they would be foolish to do otherwise. Upperclassmen, however, who have had a chance to learn the ropes, should have spare time. They do. It may be said that every man is entitled to employ his time as he himself sees fit. What a man does is his own business. If he doesn't want to spend some of his spare time working on extra-curricular activity, why should he? Who can blame him? It is his own affair.

Is it entirely? Without doubt it is utterly impossible for the small group presently active in Students' Union affairs to carry on. They are sacrificing their time, their talent, and maybe their degrees. The same amount of work spread over a larger number would mean no heavy load for anyone. Student officials want help, and need it.

So far they haven't received it. We do not think that the apathetic attitude adopted in the last few weeks is due solely to examinations, or to lack of either talent or capable direction. This much, though, is certain. If this lack of co-operation, this unwillingness to assist actively, this degenerated state of initiative and enterprise—if these sad conditions continue to exist, the Council must then perish.

There can be no two ways about it. We can't have both, for nothing could be more absurd than to have a Students' Council long after extra-curricular activity has become a thing of the past.

We wonder if our whole student organization is on the way out, simply because the props have been knocked out from under it.

Dr. LaZerte Leaving For Toronto; To Meet With Educational Council

Dr. M. E. LaZerte, Dean of the Faculty of Education, will be leaving shortly for Toronto, where he will attend a joint meeting on Nov. 20 and 21 of the Canadian Council for Educational Research and the Canada and Newfoundland Educational Association.

Dr. LaZerte is chairman of the Educational Research Council.

Originally started by the Carnegie Foundation and now financed by the Provincial Departments of Education, this council, consisting of representatives from the Canadian provinces, offers grants to worthy applicants interested in research. Throughout the year, applications are submitted to Dr. LaZerte from all over Canada and are then considered at the annual council meeting. Those approved are granted. The Canadian Council for Educational Research has, in the seven years it has been functioning, sponsored forty research projects, dealing with such topics as educational finance, measurement of attainment, history of education, and educational psychology.

While in Toronto, Dr. LaZerte will also attend a meeting of the Research Committee on Health in Canadian Schools, which is to be held Nov. 19.

This committee project, sponsored by Canada and Newfoundland Public Health Associations, has just been initiated to commence a five-year survey on the health of school children in Canada and Newfoundland.

These approvals are granted. The Canadian Council for Educational Research has, in the seven years it has been functioning, sponsored forty research projects, dealing with such topics as educational finance, measurement of attainment, history of education, and educational psychology.

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DRAMA PRESIDENT



LOIS MCLEAN

Rededication Of Memorial Organ

On Remembrance Day a special service was held in Convocation Hall for the rededication of the Memorial Pipe Organ, which was originally installed in memory of those from the University who died on active service in 1914-1918. It will now also commemorate the service of University staff and student members who gave their lives in the war of 1939-1945.

The service, entirely musical, consisted primarily of organ selections by Professor L. H. Nichols, M.A., Organist to the University. The program was as follows:

Marche Solenelle de la Tombelle Largo from New World Symphony Dvorak Hymn: "New praise we great and famous men" — W. G. Tarrant Requiem Aeternam Basil Harwood Silence

Dead March in Saul Handel Hymn: "For all the saints who from their labours rest" — W. W. How

Trumpet Tune Purcell God Save the King Silence

A large number attended the service.

At the entrance to Convocation Hall on the left is a memorial tablet bearing the names of all those from the University who gave their lives in 1914-18. Opposite this a new memorial plaque will be placed bearing the names of those who sacrificed their lives in the war so recently ended.

No Decision On Christmas Fund

Definite decision has not yet been made with regard to the Christmas Fund Drive, said Ron Helmer in an interview recently. A committee is to be formed in the very near future, which is to investigate last year's Christmas Fund drive, noting especially how much was raised.

Consideration is being given last year's suggestion that there be sponsored, later in the year, one major drive covering all the drives, thereby eliminating the several single drives. Students will then be called upon only once for donations which were previously collected in a series of drives.

However, as usual, Christmas hampers will be packed by students regardless of decisions reached by the Council re the drives to be held on the campus.

Budget Meeting

CON. HALL
TUESDAY, NOV. 20
at 4:00 p.m.

Orchestra Elects New Officials

As the University Orchestra has been definitely organized under the Students' Union, nominations for offices on its executive may now be handed to Kay Sheasby, President of the Music Association, in care of the Students' Union offices. Elections will be held at the regular orchestra practice, Wednesday, Nov. 21. Those running for office do not need to be performing members in the orchestra, as long as they are interested in the work of the organization and eager to promote it. Nominations for President-Personnel Manager should be signed by the candidate and ten members of the Students' Union. Other offices open are First Assistant Personnel Manager and Secretary, Second Assistant Personnel Manager and Secretary, Librarian (with two assistants), Business Manager and Social Convenor. Nominations for these latter offices will be received in the regular way at the meeting.

There are still some vacancies in the orchestra, and anyone interested should see Prof. Reymes-King immediately before such vacancies have to be filled by other than students and University associates. Practices are to be held regularly on Wednesday in Convocation Hall from 7:30 p.m. to 9:30 p.m.

U. of A. Thespians Preparing Celebrate 25th Anniversary

Students will have an opportunity of seeing the popular Interyear Plays in Convocation Hall on Friday and Saturday of next week, Nov. 23 and 24, and they promise to be better than ever before. Celebrating its silver anniversary this year, the Drama Club is making special preparations to make this the biggest year of its history, and Club President Lois McLean promises "several surprises" for the special occasion. There will be four plays presented this year, and the entire program is expected to last about two and one-half hours. Advanced ticket sales will be made within the next week for approximately 500 reserved seats, and the student body is urged to make their purchases early, due to the limited supply of tickets for each performance. In addition, tickets for approximately 200 rush seats will go on sale during the night of the play. There are special rates for those with Campus "A" Cards.

When the curtain rings up at 8:15 p.m. for the opening play next Friday, the audience will see the Junior Play, written by Dorothy Clark Wilson, "Into Thy Kingdom," and directed by Maurice Freehill. This will be followed by "The Jack and the Jester," under the direction of Jean Ferry, a chatty comedy of life in early Calgary. This play was written by Mrs. Gwen Pharis Ringwood, one of Canada's most outstanding playwrights, and a graduate of the University of Alberta.

The Drama Club plans on featuring next, "Three Hundred Perfection," this year's Senior play, written by Stephen Barnett. A psychological thriller which ends in a murder, this play has an unusual stage setting, and Director Barbara Fish is going to great pains to make the play a good one. "Johnny Dunn," a play written by Robert E. Gard and based on life in Northern Alberta, will round out the pleasing program. A Sophomore play, "Johnny Dunn" is being directed by Alwyn Scott.

Three judges will attend the performances each night to decide on the best actress, actor and director of the plays. Judges will include Mrs. Elsie Park Gowen, Major Alan MacDonald, whose wife was a former star of the Broadway stage, and Prof. J. T. Jones of the English Dept. Prof. J. T. Jones of the English Dept. Awards of silver medals and diplomas from the Drama Club will be presented to the winning players after Saturday's performance.

The audience will have a hand in the voting as well, and each individual who attends one of the performances will cast his vote by ballot after the play. The winners will be announced after Saturday's performance, and will be presented with tickets to the Winnipeg Ballet, being held in the Empire Little Theatre early in December.

Directors and players have been working hard during rehearsals for the past two weeks, and in spite of interruptions through November examinations, they hope to have the plays in polished condition for the opening night next Friday. It is expected that final dress rehearsals will be held in Convocation Hall behind closed doors on Tuesday and Thursday of next week.

Under the constitution, a general Students' Union meeting is held every Friday afternoon, commencing at 2:30, in the main auditorium. At this general meeting, Council decisions are voted upon and general business is discussed. Upon the conclusion of the business, a literary program produced by one of the five classes is presented, and judged for various qualities, prizes being awarded for the best performances.

Head Janitor Hudson at Coast

A man well known to University students in the past is Bill Hudson, head janitor since June, 1940. Early in October he left Edmonton for retirement on Vancouver Island because of ill-health. He had served on the works staff at the University since 1925, when he came from the C.P.R. to take over his duties. During the last war he served as a machine gunner in C Coy. of the 10th Infantry Battalion. He was wounded in the face during the battle of Amiens in 1918, and has been forced to wear a silver plate in his jaw ever since.

His cheerfulness and friendly manner made him a friend of everyone with whom he came in contact.

International Affairs Group Planned For Varsity Campus

Are you interested in world affairs? Every University student should be. For all those who are interested in discussing world affairs, there will be an organization meeting of an International Relationship Club at 4:00 p.m. on Tuesday, Nov. 22, in Arts 148. At the present time there is no group on the campus for the purpose of discussing Canadian and International Affairs with a view to gaining a wide understanding of problems affecting us. As there is a crying need for such a group, all those interested are asked to turn out to the organization meeting.

The club will undertake diversified activities, and will probably meet twice a month. It has been suggested that speakers be obtained for some of the meetings, and that their talks be followed by a discussion among members. Students will have a chance to get up papers on subjects in which they are interested, and can gain experience in public speaking by presenting them to the club.

Another activity will be panel discussions. These can be presented over CKUA. Topics such as the Peace Settlement, the control of Atomic Power, Veteran Rehabilitation are only a few topics which offer possibilities of discussions. Men from overtown may also be obtained for talks. Some pamphlets and books will be available for the use of those interested in reading current topics.

The club will be in touch with other similar I.R.C. on other campuses across Canada and the United States, thus bringing in other ideas. Papers and subjects can be exchanged. If all goes well, students may be exchanged between, say, University of Washington and Alberta for a weekend of discussions. Such a start lead to Intervarsity conferences in future years.

So don't forget, all you arm-chair presidents who have ideas for a better world. Be at Arts 148 at 4:00 p.m. Thursday, and get together for some interesting discussions and talks.

Friday Night—

Every Daisy takes her Joe to the theatre party at the Garneau, where "Roughly Speaking" will be shown. Get your favorite Joe there by 7:15 p.m., Daisy! The Commerce Club is staging a Melodrama and Minstrel Show for the added enjoyment of Daisy and her Joe.

Saturday Afternoon—

The Great Scavenger Hunt! Starts from the Drill Hall at 1:45. Prizes! Prizes! for the winnahs! Lead those Joes around in the mad search for the five chunks of junk you gotta get. If he starts to falter, brace him up with the thought of the jam session they are holding after the Hunt back at the Drill Hall.

Saturday Night—

The Daisy Dance in the Varsity Drill Hall. Don't bat those dewy eyes at Joe, pay that 25c yourself! Remember, he's a nice guy at heart.

Miscellaneous—

Tuck dances galore for your Joe, Daisy. Wolfing too! Oh, lemme at 'em! For further rules, see the signs concerning the individual events.

Have fun, Daisies! This Waw-Waw Weekend was arranged for you, to give you a chance just for a change. Treat your Joe and give him a thrill!

Waw-Waw



Bud McDonald

Calgary Student Council Adopts U. A. Constitution

The Students' Council of the Faculty of Education, Calgary branch of the University of Alberta, is composed of fifteen members, representing the Students' Union. The council meets every Wednesday at 3:30 p.m., and it, like the Students' Council in Edmonton, is "top-dog" in such matters as social, athletic and literary activities and Union finances.

This being the first year that Education students in Calgary have been students of the University of Alberta, Council activities started the present session under the constitution of the Calgary Normal School, but from henceforth the Council will function on an adaptation of the constitution of the University of Alberta. This, however, is not as radical a change as it may sound or appear in print.

The elections this year were held on October 12th. The single transferable ballot was the system of voting employed for all the offices of the Students' Council, with the exception of the class representatives.

The Nominating Committee met Tuesday, October 9th, for the purpose of drawing up a list of nominations for the offices of the Students' Council. Two offices were filled by acclamation, those of Treasurer and Pianist.

The list containing the names of candidates was posted Tuesday afternoon, October 9th.

On Thursday, October 11th, the afternoon preceding the elections, a general meeting of the student body was called for the purpose of the candidates' campaign speeches.

Interfac. Debate Wednesday On "Free Enterprise"

The first round of the Interfaculty debates will get under way on Wednesday, Nov. 21. On that date two teams from the Faculty of Education will debate on the topic: Resolved, that a System of Free Enterprise, as it existed in Canada prior to the War, is beneficial to Society. Les Gue and Hue Kent will uphold the affirmative, and Steve Skiepowich and Arleigh Laycock the negative. Debate is in Arts 135 at 8:00 p.m.

On Thursday, Nov. 22, Arts and Engineers will debate at 8:00 p.m. in Arts 148. The next round of debates will be coming up in about two weeks between these winners and Agriculture.

Calgary Branch Dramatic, Choral Officers Named

The executive of both the Choral and Dramatic Societies of the Education in Calgary were elected last week, and those elected to office were:

Choral Society: Hon. Pres. and Director, Mr. I. H. Graham; President, Mills Johnson; Vice-President, Ernie Ingram; Secretary, Marjory Bruce; Treasurer, Walter Rowley; Pianist, Bruce Bowen; Librarian, Helen Barnes; Asst. Librarian, Margaret Fisher. Leaders representing each section are: Sopranos, Margaret Fisher, Leon McBean; Altos, Bertha Maetche, Jean Anderson; Tenor, Walter Rowley; Bass, Kenneth Blair.

Dramatic Society: Hon. Pres. and Director, Miss O. M. Fisher; President, Marc Solverson; Vice-President, Jean Purcell; Secretary, Heath Gordon; Stage Manager, Jim Campbell.

The Dramatic Society, which meets every Thursday at 3:30 p.m., is this week making a decision regarding a Christmas play, and the society has a large selection to choose from, including several prize plays of this and last year.

St. Joe's Retreat

The annual retreat at St. Joseph's College, conducted by the Rev. Father Cunningham, C.S.S.R., began on the evening of Nov. 1 and culminated in a communion service on Nov. 4. The daily morning mass, followed by a brief instruction, and the evening benediction, accompanied by a sermon, were both well attended by the members of the Newman Club, despite the rapidly approaching November exams.

Father Cunningham's talks were interesting. His topics varied from comparisons of spiritual and mental life to plain, honest advice for university students.

Rev. Father Frigon, the College chaplain, assisted in hearing confessions, preparation for communion breakfast were the address by the guest speaker, Rev. Father Cunningham, and the presence of three Saskatchewan boys as guests of honor. Messrs. Ryan, Managhan and Onisko were members of the visiting U. of S. "Huskies" football squad.

I.S.S. Meets at Prague, Nov. 17 Under Benes

Canadians to Raise \$50,000

Toronto, Nov. 13.—The first international students conference since the war will be inaugurated in Prague on Nov. 17 by a large International Students' Day manifestation under the patronage of the president of the Czechoslovak Republic, Dr. Eduard Benes.

This day, Nov. 17, which is the anniversary of a typical act of Nazi savagery, the closing of Prague University in 1939, and the killing and arrest of hundreds of Czechoslovak students, will be marked simultaneously in all universities throughout the world. Canadian universities from Dalhousie to British Columbia are planning special observances to celebrate the victory over fascism with its martyrdom of those who upheld freedom of thought.

During the years of the war this day became widely recognized as one of special observance by students throughout the world. It represents the solidarity of students of all nations who are now united in their task of rebuilding shattered universities, restoring lost books and equipment, re-establishing student life in its fullest sense.

The Canadian Committee of the International Students Service will attempt to raise \$50,000 this year for the work of relief and rehabilitation of students in China and the European countries. Although this represents more than three times the amount contributed last year, the Committee believes that young Canada will feel it a duty and a privilege to give its utmost to fellow students who suffered because of the enemy occupation.

The money will be administered by World Student Relief with headquarters in Geneva. This organization, which is known to many Canadian soldiers, sailors and airmen as the European Student Relief Fund through its work of supplying books, pencils and paper to prisoners of war, is carrying on reconstruction and rehabilitation now that the war is over.

The need is even greater now, as M. Andre de Blonay, general secretary of World Student Relief, recently pointed out. "World War II has been a war of ideals and ideologies as much as of generals and tanks," he said. "Accordingly, European universities have been in the front lines from the outset, and have been subjected to a two-fold attack. A characteristic case is that of Czechoslovakia; similarly, in Poland in 1939 the university was destroyed and the students deported."

Serious inflation has brought not only economic misery to students and professors alike, but also a lowering of moral and intellectual standards. Students who could no longer live on their resources were forced to resort to various means of support, many of them turning to the black market; young boys were taught to steal, lie and cheat the Germans.

Money raised by the International Student Service in Canada will help students in other countries not only to fill their economic needs, but also their intellectual, moral and spiritual needs.

It will help in the support of such rest centres as that at Combloux, France, in the Haute Savoie near the Swiss border. In September the European Student Relief Fund decided to start this centre as an experiment, and it is now functioning as a rest home for students physically and mentally exhausted from the strain of underground activity. T.B. sanatoriums are also being organized in Switzerland to aid in combatting the serious T.B. menace.

S.C.M. Nights

Discuss Atomic Age

In line with its policy of presenting its membership with an integrated program, the S.C.M. is sponsoring a series of talks and discussions dealing with the Atomic Age.

On S.C.M. Night, Thursday, Nov. 22, Dr. D. B. Scott will discuss "The Physical Aspects of Nuclear Energy." Other discussions in the meetings to follow will be concerned with the economical, political and spiritual aspects of nuclear energy.

The date of the first, Nov. 22; the place, St. Stephen's College; the time, 8:00 p.m.

Carpenter's Shop Handles Orders For University

By Elfriede Milbradt

The carpenter's shop behind the power plant is one of the busiest places on the campus. These men are responsible for the maintenance and repair of the entire campus, as well as for filling the various "furniture" orders received from the faculties. Mr. Bill Wotherspoon, the superintendent in chief, has been in charge for some 15 years, during which time no great alteration has been made in the size of the shop.

The organization is not a private one, but is a part of the University. It is divided into four main departments, namely, the construction (work) shop, the electrical shop, the point shop, and the plumbing shop. A total of 13 men are employed, each department having its own foreman and assistants. An atmosphere of congeniality permeates the light, well heated shops.

Norman Stanners, foreman of the workshop, stressed especially the need for space. This shop boasts a good variety of machines. Within the crowded quarters can be found the De Walt saw, commonly called radio saw because it can be switched to any angle or radius, and because it can saw anything. The two chain saws run by belts are the rip saw and the combination saw. Other tools include drills, presses, a planer, buzz saws and shapers for running moulding. The men work with considerable speed and skill, as the dentistry cabinet and the show-case under construction testify. Each man has his own trade, there being bench men, machine men, as well as outside men. The attic above the garages serves as a storage place for the lumber. The shortage of better grade lumber is proving a hindrance to the working, according to Mr. Wotherspoon.

The electrical shop, as well as the plumbing shop, is well equipped with tools. Two electricians are employed. Mr. Miller, the head electrician, checks all student installations and more or less supervises the stage lighting. Inside the paint shop are to be found all sizes and kinds of paint-cans, along with four big barrels of turpentine, oil, etc. The cafeteria renders ample proof of the efficiency and thoroughness of the carpenters. Mr. Wotherspoon stated that at present his men are engaged in renovating the residences.

Scholarships are being made available to students who have lost country, family and means. Every effort is being made to provide emergency material relief, as in the instance of Norway, where students are without shoes for the coming winter.

The campaign to raise \$50,000 will be the special concern of students in Canadian universities, but the amount is so much greater than last year that it is felt that even with the increased enrollment in universities that the aid of the general public must be solicited. Donations should be addressed to the International Student Service, Hart House, University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.

Schedule Highlights For Coming Week

Friday, November 16—

Frosh elections. Daisies court Joes. Theatre party at Garneau.

Saturday, November 17—

Daisies still court Joes. House Dance 8:30 p.m., in Drill Hall.

Sunday, November 18—

Beginning season's skating at Varsity Covered Rink.

Monday and Wednesday, Nov. 19 and 21, 7:00 p.m.—

Archery Club meets in Drill Hall.

Tuesday, November 20, 4:00 p.m.—

Council Treasurer Bentley brings down budget in Convocation Hall.

Wednesday, November 21—

Varsity Men's Basketball at U.S. Air Base.

Thursday, November 22—

E.U.S. Make-up Clubs meet.

Friday and Saturday, Nov. 23 and 24—

Intergroup Plays in Convocation Hall.

Senior Girls Basketball

MORTON'S vs SOUTH SIDE

Thur., Nov. 22 -- 7:30 p.m.

Varsity Drill Hall

also

WALKRITES vs. VARSITY

Announcement Courtesy of MORTON'S

War Memorial Opinions

In my opinion, a war memorial should be a functional remembrance rather than a symbolic one, as so many have been in the past.

Those who gave their lives in this war were young, as you and I are young. They fought and died because they wanted a better world in which to live; a better world for all to enjoy. What more suitable memorial to them than an instrument in the building of that better world—an instrument which will build healthy bodies and satisfy man's pugnacity with competitive sports in the spirit of sportsmanship rather than with bloody battles in the spirit of envy and hate.

Thus I wholly support a Memorial Gymnasium as a fitting tribute to those who have given their lives that we may live in a world at peace.

JACK CUYLEY.

Pharmacy Profs Flew to Calgary To V.C.'s Banquet

Dr. A. W. Matthews and Dr. M. J. Huston of the University pharmacy department flew to Calgary Wednesday to attend the banquet and reception held in honor of Major Fred Tilston, the Victoria Cross winner from Windsor, Ont., who lost both legs in the Hockwold battle.

The fete honoring the former druggist, is under the auspices of the Alberta Pharmaceutical Association, the Calgary Retail Druggists' Association and the Drug Travellers' Association. Eighteen Edmonton druggists will be in attendance also. Major Tilston, who once travelled for an eastern pharmaceutical firm, is well-known in Edmonton retail drug circles.

We must be honest with ourselves and with the dead. Let us not make the War Memorial an excuse for gaining other things. We all believe there should be more scholarships, a gymnasium, a theatre, a swimming pool and other things, and we should make every effort to establish them. They would be useful, but not in the way that a war memorial must be useful, which is to keep alive the memory of the men who died in the war—this and nothing more. Why nothing more? Because when a memorial is also a scholarship, a gymnasium or anything else, its function as a memorial becomes dwarfed by these other uses. But, we will say, if we erect a building we can place a tablet on it saying this is a War Memorial, and on it we can engrave the names of our dead. True, but the only part of the building that will serve as a memorial will be that tablet. And the tablet is all we need. If we erect no more than a tablet, we shall at least be honest. Let us set up a memorial which is also beautiful to look at; then the exaltation that comes from beauty will turn our minds and hearts more readily to thoughts of those who died for us. Such a monument would strengthen our resolve that their sacrifice must never again be necessary. What could be more useful and practical?

J. T. JONES.

The memory of the Second Great War for some is already fast fading, for others it will remain forever, but that anyone should ever forget those who made the sacrifice and the principles they fought to defend, is unthinkable. To avoid any such possibility a suitable war memorial should be erected.

Such a memorial would be a constant reminder to the living of the terrible price in lives by which victory was bought. But this alone is

DEAN MACDONALD.

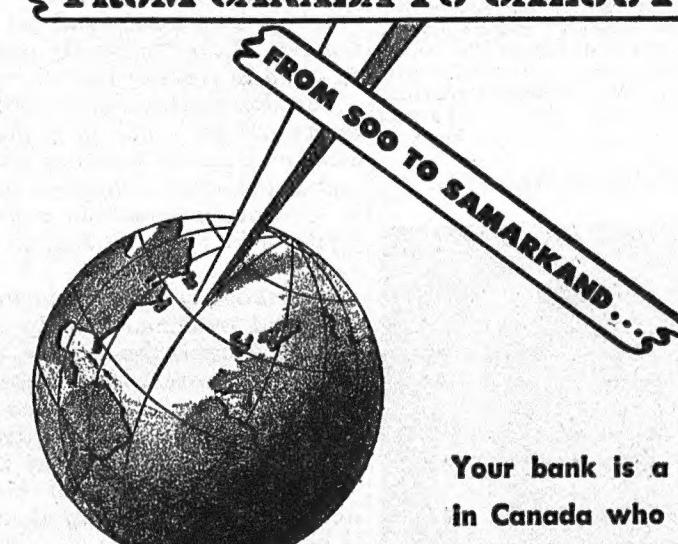
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Colossal Banquet, Dance Thrown by Med Students

GIRLS DRESS FOR BIG AFFAIR

The annual Med Ball was held in the main ballroom of the Macdonald Hotel on Tuesday, November 13th. The Meds got off to their usual flying start at their stag banquet, which began at 6:30. Although innocent bystanders are not allowed to sit in at this occasion, I gathered from the remarks that flew around afterwards, that all the speakers were exceptionally good. Bob Robertson proposed a toast to the returned men, of whom there are now quite a few in the student body of the Med Faculty, and Dr. A. H. MacLennan replied to this toast. W. Barclay next toasted the Faculty, and the reply to this was given by Dr. M. M. Cantor. Then the erstwhile Mosenthal trophy winner, Eugene Pylypczuk presented the coveted prize to this year's winner, Bob (Leaky) Rekie. As this banquet was held in honor of last year's graduating class, the next toast was proposed to these new doctors by the Dean of Medicine, Dr. J. J. Ower, and was responded to by Rene Boileau. Don Wray, who was the toastmaster this year, managed to quite successfully curb the usual lengthy orations of the speakers. The girls in Medicine held their banquet on the mezzanine floor of the hotel.

Due to the shorter speeches at the banquet this year, the men managed to call for their dates at a reasonably early hour. Although some of the professors left before the ball proper was really rolling, the majority remained to enjoy the dancing, and for one night anyway, the doctors were really just some of the fellows.

The dance floor itself was a riot of color, with the girls sporting various colored dresses. A few in particular were very outstanding, such as Mary Lipsey's black crepe shoulder strap gown, trimmed around the top with a small fringe of black lace. Another lovely gown was worn by Mrs. Davidson. This was a fuschia colored two-piece dress, with a taffeta bodice and peplum, and a filmy sheer skirt. Dorothy Ward looked very smart in a white dress, trimmed with blue sequins on the sleeves, and with the same colored sequins dotted liberally around the full skirt. Another note of gaiety was added by some very attractive

Women Meds Hold Banquet At Macdonald

The Women's Medical Club of the University of Alberta held its annual banquet in the Jasper Room at the Macdonald Hotel Tuesday, Nov. 13, in honor of the graduating class, Jean Hugill and Kathleen Swallow.

Approximately sixty guests were present. At the head table were Mrs. N. E. Alexander, Honorary President; Mrs. Eric Richardson, Guest Speaker; Miss H. McIntyre, Adviser to Women Students; Zella Hoar, President; Mrs. J. J. Ower, Mrs. M. M. Cantor, Jean Hugill, and Kathleen Swallow, Toastmistress.

The toast to the University was proposed by Frances Warshawski. Miss H. McIntyre replied. Josephine Brown proposed the toast to the wives of the faculty and women doctors. It was replied to by Mrs. M. M. Cantor. Mrs. Erick Richardson, who was guest speaker, chose as her subject, "Social and Emotional Factors in Illness."

plaid dresses, designed in different and very new styles. Corsages, whether simple or elaborate, seemed to be the order of the evening.

The music for the dance was aptly supplied by Frank McCleavy's orchestra. Gordon Fierheller, who was in charge of the banquet and dance this year, deserves a lot of praise, for the Med Ball was a wonderful dance and a great success.

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VARSCONA—Sat., Mon., Tues., "Lost in a Harem" with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello; added feature, "Jack London." Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Happy Land," starring Don Ameche; also "Man From Down Under" with Charles Laughton.
ROXY—Sat., Mon., Tues., "Happy Land," with Don Ameche; also "Man From Down Under," starring Charles Laughton. Wed., Thurs., Fri., "Wuthering Heights," with Merle Oberon; also "Gangway for Tomorrow."

FAMOUS PLAYERS

DREAMLAND—Fri., Sat., "Tarzan and the Amazons," with Johnny Weismuller; also added, "Sing a Song of Texas," with Rosemary Lane and Tom Tyler. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Hollywood Canteen," with an All Star Cast; also added, "The Caribbean Mystery," with James Dunn and Sheila Ryan.
CAPITOL—Fri., Sat., "The Corn is Green," starring Bette Davis. One week starting Monday, "Out of This World," with Eddie Bracken, Veronica Lake, Diana Lynn, and Cass Daley.
STRAND—Fri., Sat., "The Naughty Nineties," with Abbot and Costello; also added, Don "Red" Barry in "Days of Old Cheyenne." Mon., Tues., Wed., "Meet the People," with Dick Powell and Lucille Ball; also added, "Hostages," with Paul Lukas, Luise Rainer, William Bendix.
EMPERESS—Fri., Sat., Mon., "Dead End," with Humphrey Bogart and the Dead End Kids; also "Music Box," Tues., Wed., Thurs., "The Crusades," with Loretta Young; also "Scotland Yard Investigator."
PRINCESS—Fri., Sat., "Tampico," with Edward G. Robinson, Lynn Bari, and Victor McLaglen; also "In the Meantime, Darling," with Jean Crain and Eugene Pallette. Mon., Tues., Wed., "The Song of Bernadette," with Jennifer Jones, Wm. Eythe, and Charles Bickford; also Selected Shorts and latest World News.
GARNEAU—Fri., Sat., "Roughly Speaking," with Rosalind Russell and Jack Carson, plus News and Cartoon. Mon., Tues., Wed., "Woman in the Window," starring Spencer Tracy; also added shorts. Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sonja Henie in "It's a Pleasure."

Checking Into College



Hi-Priest McDonald Ex-Communicates Males; Puts Women on Pedestal; Men Must Worship

That time-honored last resort of the fair and determined sex is upon us again. Of course, we mean Waw-Waw. We realize that all concerned would greatly appreciate comment and a brief for action on the program laid out by that High Priest of Waw-Waw, Donald Murdoch McDonald (queer, isn't it, to have a lordly male managing the ensnarement section?).

The grand week-end opens with much business for Mr. Roy, The Caf, and Little Tuck. All the maidens with hunting spirit

are laying great plans for the occu-

pation known variously as "Come

To Tuck," "Let's stop at the Caf,"

"Leave us slip over to Joe's for some

jaya." This time it's Waw-Waw's turn, and all over Edmonton the phones will be ringing for those lucky boys. Some girls, of course,

restort to director methods: we hesitate to name these because they are still on the secret list, but rumors is

rife! Nor is it entirely up to the Waw-Waws alone; much time has been devoted of late to that very

ensnarement campaign by those

aficionados of Waw-Waw.

Now, I know that a card once said that for men life is just one round of chasing women until they catch you, but they don't have to rub it in with this Sadie Hawkins business. Now, don't leave me, gentle reader (if you're a woman just cancel that last adjective, you nasty thing). I'm going to weaken, and give you males some more tips as to how to—wow and woo sans hair goo.

1. Try a different language. Now, take French for instance (who threw that tomato)? Once cast a longing look at my one and only, and whispered "Je t'aime." Moving her chomping gum to her molars, she drawled, "Aw, shut it yourself." Now you know why I'm through with women.

2. Show her that your broad-minded (well, aren't you?). Tell her you're an Engineer, and she's sure to believe you, especially when you work up a sly droop every time you notice a passing female. I'm not an Engineer. Now you know why I'm through with women!

3. Be an eager beaver. Be chummy. I tried last week. This little lady looked at me and said, "I'll give you just two hours to get your hands off me." Now you know why I'm through with women!

4. Discuss current affairs — meat rationing for instance. Start beefing. She'll probably think you're a big ham who has to loin a few things. She'll probably give you the cold shoulder and tell you, "Veal soon see if you're going to live around here." Just look at her and say, "Let's talk turkey, chicken, I never sausages eyes as yours." Then you get ready to take it on the lamb. But first ask for a token of remembrance. Now you know why I'm through with women!

What's that? Someone call me? You say 404 Athabasca? That's me. Telephone call from Daisy? Whoosh! Now you know why I'm through with . . . this column for this week! P.S.—See you Waw-Waw Weekend!

Mere Man Laments Wiles of Waw-Waw

I certainly enjoyed tippin' off the Waunaeta. I enjoyed even more giving you the "male opinion" on the same event. But now things somehow aren't the same. You see, I'm through with women. Yes, sir! I'm disillusioned. The women aren't even subtle any more, especially on Waw-Waw weekend. Those three words send shivers up and down my spine.

Now, I know that a card once said that for men life is just one round of chasing women until they catch you, but they don't have to rub it in with this Sadie Hawkins business. Now, don't leave me, gentle reader (if you're a woman just cancel that last adjective, you nasty thing). I'm going to weaken, and give you males some more tips as to how to—wow and woo sans hair goo.

house dance notes

The third House Dance of the season was held last Saturday night in the Drill Hall, with Rod Cook's band again at the helm. Patronesses were Miss Faunt and Miss Patrick. Paul McConnell once more M.C'd, showing his engineerie versatility by collecting lipsticks and wearing purple flowers in his lapel. Not only chocolate milk, but also honey-coated doughnuts were served, both of which were very welcome after "One O'clock Jump" and a rhumba or two.

Those rhumbas are certainly meeting with approval. More than one face beamed as that unmistakable rhythm throbbed forth. A few were actually rhumba-ing, and in time perhaps we'll all do justice to that beat. As with rhumbas, we're also learning the fascinating art of Viennese Waltzing, and are thoroughly enjoying the process. Many, of course, mastered it long ago, managing to look as if they had been born in Vienna!

There was not as formidable a stage line as last week. Perhaps they are becoming discouraged, or, better still, bringing along a slick-chick so as to be sure of at least one dance during the evening.

The attendance was not as high either, but all there seemed to be having a good time and wondering, at 11:30, where all the time had gone.

Meanwhile, all the girls are busily preening, looking up phone numbers, and otherwise getting ready for next weekend, so start running, you would-be stags. The House Dance, of course, will be the main "event," so please remember that the Drill Hall holds 1,500, and come.

Hawkins Week was something better than a success in Calgary Branch, U. of A. We think it won't be anything less here.

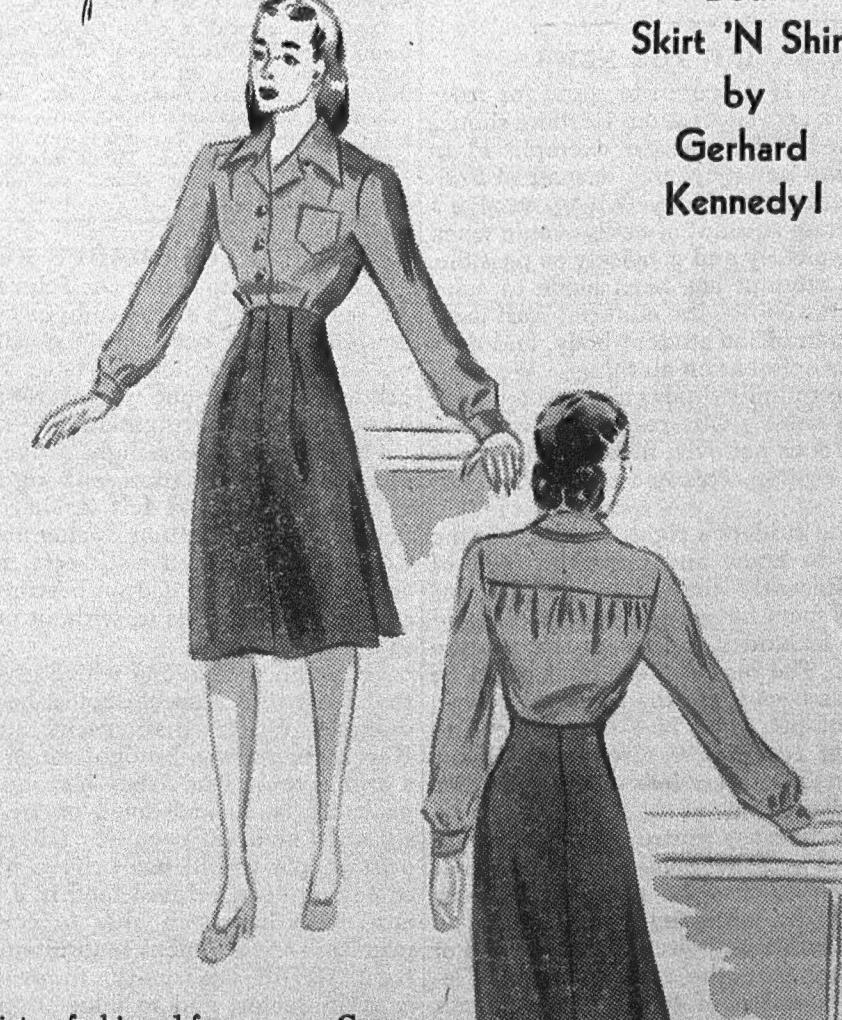
SITUATIONS WANTED

Two Girls "Baby Sitters," Misses Harley Gilmore and Edna Jardey. Phone 32811.

LOST

A Latin Reader (Petrie), somewhere in the Arts Building on Thursday. Finder please get in touch with Bob Buck, Phone 83239.

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Published each Friday throughout the College Year under the authority of the Students' Union of the University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta.

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Advertising rates may be had upon request to the Advertising Manager of The Gateway, Room 151 Arts Building, University of Alberta. Subscription rates: \$2.00 per year in the United States and Canada.

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HELMER TO MCGILL

Our S.U. President, Ron Helmer, has been appointed to represent Alberta at the National Federation of Canadian University Students' meeting to be held this December in Montreal.

This organization is the only group which is able to speak for Canadian students with a united voice. It is the only group which can capably represent student interests throughout the Dominion. It is the only group which can discuss national student problems in a representative manner.

This organization has great potentialities. It can impress upon transportation companies facts regarding reduced fares for students travelling to and from universities, it can organize nation-wide competitions, it can present to the government recommendations which are aimed at improving the lot of university students.

Ron Helmer will be representing you, the members of the Students' Union. He is interested in hearing your ideas as to the topics which might readily be discussed at this conference, and above all, he is interested in hearing your viewpoint on these topics. If you will send your ideas to The Gateway or tell them to Ron directly he will be just that much more able to represent you fully.

CONCEALING THE NEWS

A newspaper is supposed to stand for freedom of thought and expression. Readers should be able to find this principle exemplified in this a university newspaper, or despair of finding it in evidence elsewhere. We try to give a true and accurate account of news events when they occur, as clearly and concisely as possible. No conscious attempt has been made to color the reader's viewpoint—the editorial staff itself is a cross-section of the student body, and does not agree in its opinions on all things. We print submissions from individuals either under their own or a pen name. Our responsibility as an editorial staff does not even here infringe upon the students' rights. This is a student's newspaper.

But it is the student's right, and an editor's responsibility to know and print the facts of any story. Recently there have been cases where certain facts have been suppressed and The Gateway forbidden to present them to the student body. The reason these facts could be suppressed was because of the ill-use of power; the timidity of power to face naked facts, to face a possible resulting controversy. Brave men died to release their fellows from similar exaggerated shame.

Does not democracy centre upon debate and the exchange of personal opinions? Till now it has been supposed that the press was a very useful instrument, enjoying the strength of freedom, with which to pierce the hard shell of opinion and lay bare the core of truth. Deprived of its function of telling all the facts, showing all opinions on important matters, the existence of this newspaper is not justified. It can become no better than a high school "tattler", at best a costly farce.

News and Views From Other U's

UBC ORGANIZES JOKERS CLUB

One of the fastest growing clubs on the UBC campus is the Jokers Club, organized three weeks ago as an organization for men not in fraternities so that they could take part in intramural sports. All male students are eligible to join provided they own a yoke. Over 150 members have joined so far. The founder, Dave Hayward, has been elected Ace Joker, or president, and all the members are vice-presidents. There is to be no constitutions, as "constitutions are too limiting," but fees of one dollar are being charged because the treasurer plays poker.

The club has extensive plans for the future. After establishing themselves firmly with a Jokers Jamboree Week-end, for Jokers and their women, they plan to take over campus activities. Teams will be entered in all intramural sports, and the club plans to take all scholarships, "because all geniuses are nuts." An orchestra to outdo Spike Jones' is another of their intentions.

Some of the slogans which have been used and discarded so far are, "Rats to rats," "If there's a fuss, it's us," "If there's a riot, we'll buy it," and others.

The club wants a branch in the provincial legislature because "Where else can you find so many morons in one spot?"

Meetings are held weekly.

QUEEN'S VISITS VARSITY AT TORONTO

About 1,000 Queen's students followed the football team from Kingston to Toronto over the October 30 week-end. About fifty percent of the university travelled by train, private automobiles, taxis, on bicycles, and by hitch-hiking, and painted the city red—both literally and figuratively.

On the morning of the Intercollegiate football game, a group of students met to paint "Queen's" on the sides of a Victory Loan barrage balloon, which was moored in front of the Provincial Parliament Buildings. Some students sneaked into a heavily-guarded stadium to paint various tricolor symbols on the grounds, press box, and stands. Several of them were captured by irate Toronto men, who clipped "T's" in their hair.

A mass raid on the stadium was generally dispersed by hundreds of Varsityites and Toronto policemen.

The afternoon game was won by the Toronto team with a score of 25-6. Final official event of the weekend was a combined Queen's and Varsity dance at the Royal York Hotel Saturday evening.

PRESIDENT TRUEMAN OF MANITOBA LAUDS CHURCH COLLEGES

At an impressive ceremony at Winnipeg's Civic Auditorium on Oct. 24, Dr. A. W. Trueman formally became President of the University of Manitoba. In a speech after his inauguration, Dr. Trueman said: "I regard the association of the affiliated colleges with the University as having the greatest possible value. They have it within their power to bring to this institution of learning precisely what it might otherwise lack, the grace, the warmth, the abundant life of a great religion. I desire to maintain whatever we have achieved of good relations, and to strengthen and extend the means by which we may work together in the great tasks which are laid upon the University."

MONTRÉAL SEES RETURN OF FRATERNITY INITIATIONS

"Joe College is back," is what the man in the street was saying to himself October 29, as McGill students invaded downtown Montreal with their traditional fraternity initiation antics.

One of the highlights of the evening's activities was the appearance of one sad "pledge" on a street car with seven suitcases, who calmly proceeded to empty the contents of each on the floor, in search of the one penny hidden in each. A riot nearly took place in the cocktail lounge of the nearby Berkley Hotel as another rushee, dressed as a minister, went from table to table giving stern lectures on temperance, drinking the subject of his little talks from a very large bottle.

Three shady ladies, who later proved to be McGill musclemen, shocked all the lovely people in the lobby of Mount Royal Hotel by displaying their wares to any eligible males, as, at the same time, another initiatee was raffling off an unwilling duck, Mondrake by name, which brought a huge two dollars.

These initiation ceremonies were the first to occur outside the fraternity houses in almost three years.

OUTDOOR CLUB PREPARES FOR BIG WINTER SEASON AT BRITISH COLUMBIA

With the arrival of snow on the north shore peaks members of the UBC Outdoor Club are rushing to complete preparations for what promises to be one of their most successful skiing seasons. Organized in 1922 as a small sciencemen's skiing club, to promote skiing and mountaineering, the club is one of the most active on the campus, with over 150 members, some of whom rank among the best skiers and mountaineers in British Columbia.

DR. KAREFA-SMART'S EVIDENCE

Students who heard Dr. John Karefa-Smart address meetings on the campus last week were doubtless impressed by the ability of this young man from Sierra Leone. His addresses, particularly the one we were privileged to hear, were most enlightening.

He brushed quite lightly over the subject of racial discrimination, although he later admitted that he had felt its barbs across the border. He stated that during his residence in Canada he had been well received everywhere, and in no instance had he been maltreated because of color. This is, without doubt, a credit to the Dominion.

His own case is one which gives support to the thesis that respect should be based on individual rather than racial qualities. Dr. Karefa-Smart was brought up as a member of a primitive African tribe—a group which would probably be looked down on by many of the so-called civilized peoples. (He stated that his own people would not believe his experience of having been refused food in a U.S. restaurant.) He has been able to come from this primitive environment to graduate in medicine from McGill University, to prove himself a capable doctor, and to take his place as a far more promising world citizen than many of our own young people. Certainly this should make us realize that we have no reason to feel superior because of our color or nationality.

CAMPUS POLL

Readers, before we go too deeply into this week's question, your poll-vaulters have to explain a few things about last week's results. As soon as the results were published, a great hue-and-cry came from all sides regarding the result we gave for veterans not being any more in favor of scholarships than the average.

Here was a challenge to our poll, the first real test, so we decided to check on our results by questioning every ex-service man we saw as to his decision in the light of CURMA's decision. Most of the men who attended the CURMA meeting were in favor of scholarships, though all of them were not even convinced at the meeting.

Those who had stayed at home instead of going to the meeting were still mainly interested in the gymnasium, though we did find a slight tendency towards backing CURMA's proposal. Inasmuch as our poll was conducted before the meeting, we offer no apologies, and still have utmost faith in this poll as an indication of campus opinion—so there!

Question This Week

Now as to this week's question, which most people found rather confusing—a habit, so we're told, of all good head-scratching Varsity students. The question was: Do you think there should be more direct supervision of the teaching methods of the University professors in (1) scientific subjects, (2) arts subjects, (3) neither, (4) both, (5) no opinion. The results seem to show a rather large divergence of opinion:

Scientific	29%
Arts	15%
Neither	28%
Both	23%
No opinion	5%

However, it was found, on further analysis, that those taking mainly arts subjects were more in favor of supervision of arts subjects—the teachers, for instance, were only 10% in favor for scientific subjects, and 35% in favor for arts subjects. The forty beer men, on the other hand, were 38% for supervision of science, and only 2% for supervision in arts courses. So that, by taking the totals of the groups in favor of supervision of any sort, one piles up quite a comprehensive majority—67% in favor of more control as against 28% who prefer things as they are.

The veterans show an even stronger tendency towards supervision—79% altogether are in favor of some form of direction, against 18% who feel that we need no more than we have now. Few of the other figures are really significant, except we did notice that the freshmen had much stronger feelings than most—not less than 62% wanted control of scientific subjects alone. In subsequent years there is a definite trend away from the idea of supervision of any form. Well, that's all for now, but we would like to remind you that we are interested in suggestions and criticisms from everyone. If you have any ideas for improvement, or are interested in opinions around the U. of A. on any subject of University appeal or current interest, we would be only too glad to hear from you and consider what you have to say.

Student Deplores Lack Of Interest In Campus Affairs

Dear Students:
With a song on my lips and joy in my soul I find myself constructing this little note, but the reason for my feeling this way is due mainly to the fact that I am firmly convinced that things just can't get any worse than they are now. We have hit the all-time low in student spirit, and come what may, we will be seeing better days. We have finally come to the point where any spirit at all would be an improvement.

To make aware, dear fellow students, of the circumstances which led me to draw these horrible conclusions, it may not be out of place to state that on Friday, November 9th, at 4 p.m., there was to have been a Students' Union meeting in Convocation Hall, the purpose of which was to inform you—yes, you, dear reader—what was to be the fate of approximately twenty thousand dollars of hard earned cash, fourteen of which came directly from your pocket. Should it therefore have

been unreasonable for President Helmer to expect that at least ten percent of the student body would be present to pass the budget? But what was the result? No, not a couple of dozen—just seven students ventured to pass beneath that shunned doorway. Their names shall be preserved in the annals of the U. of A.

Some students will quickly reply that they knew nothing of any meeting. To them we can only recommend the reading of the bulletin boards occasionally. To those who cannot read, there remains but one alternative—more advertising by means of the public address system. You will be given whole-hearted consideration in the future.

Many are they who would sit snugly on the outside and criticize those in responsible positions. That errors have been made will not be denied by any people, but are we students of the University helping your representatives to do the job expected of them?

Constructive criticism would be welcomed at the forthcoming budget meeting, I am sure. If you have criticism to offer, put something between your knees, stand up and sput off.

I solemnly hope that I have not struck a note of antagonism. The effort expended was solely for the rejuvenation of a University spirit which showed definite signs of life during the recent football parade. Why did we slip so badly only six days later?

See you at the budget meeting.

Signed, TEX.

THE FUTURE

OLD AND NEW

It has always been assumed that hostility between the Great Powers was inevitable. Fundamental hostility was the basis of any nation's successful foreign policy. It has always been assumed that the Foreign Office or Department of State of any Great Power would be betraying its own people if it did not keep that idea in mind. This assumption was accurately put by Lord Curzon in 1900 in a letter to Lord Selborne. He says: "I would count everywhere on the individual hostility of all the Great Powers, but would endeavor to arrange that they were not united against me."

That has been the common assumption throughout history of all Great Powers, and, for some strange reason, the general public has not seemed to realize that all the people who have had the responsibility of directing the foreign policies of their countries have always thought of foreign policy in those terms. The assumption of inevitable hostility, and the underlying assumption that peace is abnormal, have been the foundation of the foreign policy of every country in the past.

Let us just mention a few of the problems which we have to solve in a new kind of way; economic problems, such as that created by the great ersatz rubber industry in the United States; what are we to do about rubber in the East Indies? Civil aviation, recently discussed in Chicago; political and moral prob-

lems, such as India. People in the United States of America, for reasons which can be defined, which are unfortunate but nevertheless exist, feel that they have an intense interest in the method in which Great Britain solves its problems in India. It does not do any good to say, "What right have you to have this intense interest? Why don't you set about solving some of your own problems, such as the problem of the Negro, at home?" That is not an adequate answer, because the fact is that such as we are will go on asking about India. Similarly, there may or may not be problems in China, where the United States has a consistent foreign policy; we regard it as a major national interest to have a strong and united China. It may cause difficulties or it may not. These things have caused difficulties, and the difficulties must be compromised, except on the rare occasions when they can be settled.

And very few problems can be settled. Very few problems can just be tied up neatly and put in the box and forgotten. Most problems have to be compromised or fought over, and if we are going to exclude the possibility of fighting over them we must make a demand for compromise. Behind that lies the assumption of friendship, not only as the price of peace but as the price of survival, the assumption that the Curzon idea is an erroneous idea, that we dare not try it, to meet the future on the assumption that the Great Powers are necessarily potential enemies. We must insist on starting a new pattern of the relations between Powers where Great Powers are not only potentially but actually friends, and approach their worries and troubles from that point of view and insist on implementing that friendship.

New things can happen; they happened in this war; a new form of military unity was achieved in this war between the armies of the British Empire and the United States which has never been known in history. If that can happen in military affairs it can happen to civil affairs.

Commander Agar in "Industrial Affairs."

QUOTEUNQUOTE

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The Gateway LITERARY PAGE

Rear End Views

by Stanley Noel Smith

The rear end section of a street car is a Roman Forum, a Hyde Park. As long as a miscellany of men of all creeds, religions and colors can blabber away their thoughts in the rear section, as long as a rear section is literally a cross section of democracy, so long will our thoughts, our policies, and our ideas be free. When we are compelled to weigh our words, ponder our answers, and fear to speak freely, then beware: the dark spectre of totalitarianism, or of other undreamed-of isms, is taking hold on our nation.

I have ridden the same street car for years. The individuals who compose a select group at the rear, resemble comets that rush out of unknown space, not centennially, but daily. Our orbits touch for this brief period, we strike sparks, pick up little bits of matter from one another, and then separate to fly into unknown space. Where the other members of the group go, I do not know. They appear from the dim vista of a shaded street and disappear into the yawning maw of an office building—specks in space and time.

At this point in my thoughts this morning, comet number two, in the person of Mac, burst into the firmament. Strange, the different terms of endearment each successive generation lays on its members. In the period from 1912 to 1920, when a man's name was unknown, the proper appellation to tag him with was "Mac". It filled a needed want, it was a sign of friendship, an acceptance. To say, "Hey, Mac!" was definitely more gracious than to say, "Hey, you!" No introductions were necessary. I am told that the younger generation use the word "Joe" in a similar manner, but somehow it does not seem to be spoken with the same affection as the old "Mac". Perhaps, however, I am mouthing the old word with nostalgic tastes.

Mac is a typical "Mac". The word describes him perfectly. He is a man edging dangerously close to the fifty mark, tall, angular, and slightly lame—a souvenir from Regina Trench in '16. Mac's leg is our daily barometer. He can always inform us of the approach of inclement weather. I rather suspect that his prophetic ability is helped in no small degree by his persual of the daily paper. Their similarity appears too much of a coincidence. Why do we allow these sceptical thoughts to creep into our mind? I think we would enjoy life more fully if we kept the anéité of our youth; so let us believe Mac and his forecasts.

I know by instinct what Mac's first utterance will be. After long experience I have discovered what type and portion of the morning's news will appeal to my different fel low passengers. I am not mistaken. News had been broadcast of the atomic bombing of Hiroshima.

Mac's first words, as he drops into the seat beside me, are: "That's the stuff to give 'em; that'll make those little yellow bellies hit the funk holes. I says to my wife this mornin', I says, 'Listen, Martha,' says I, 'they're going to blow that bloody island into the sea, and a damn good job, too. They should drop one of those there bombs on every bloody city in Hirohito's kingdom, and blow the guts out of all of them.'

There is one distinct advantage in having a mind like Mac's. He does not vacillate; he is thoroughly satisfied with the opinion he forms; once formed, it stays rooted—even an atomic bomb could not move it. Do we get any further weighing the pros and cons of an idea? Are we any more likely to arrive at any clearer decision than Mac does? We may attempt all sorts of mental jujitsu, but if then we arrive at the same conclusion as Mac, and we have an even chance of so doing, we still will not be fired with the same convictions. Our "Native hue of resolution is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Our third comet has now elbowed (if a comet may be allowed the privilege of elbowing) its way to the rear. This chap's name is Smith. I shall not apologize for bringing a Smith into our sanctum. I feel the same way about Smiths as our friend Smith does. His, and my feelings, are best expressed by one of his own stories. (I have heard him tell it at least ten times.) It seems that he was accosted one evening by one of the local policemen and charged with some minor traffic offence. Upon being given the name of Smith, the officer snorted with doubt, and said: "Let's see your registration card!" The doubt in the officer's tone caused the ire of our friend to rise, he being normally a very upright and honest citizen. His reply was, "After all," officer, there are some Smiths in the world!" So I repeat, "There are some Smiths in the world."

Smith is one of those individuals who go through life unburdened and unruffled, canny, careful and smooth—and rather dull. He waits to see the way an argument will progress, then steps in to smooth over troubles, puts in his ounce at the psychological moment, and usually tips the scales. When he speaks, you can see the soap-box or the platform rising under his feet. Behind his back we refer to him as Soapy Smith, not because of his resemblance to the Soap Smith of Klondyke fame, but because of his manner.

I suppose he enjoys life in his smooth, nonchalant way. How irksome this way of life is to some people! No more than two drinks at a time, for fear a word infra dig might escape—no acting on impulse, an even colorless life. He, of course, misses the bumps and worries of the man who continues to act with the spontaneity of youth. He resembles a perfect landscape photograph, faultless in detail, but lacking the charm, vivacity and color of a Turner painting.

Immediately behind our friend Soapy comes the last of our quartet, the four who have ridden the morning street cars for years. Our ranks have been added to from time to time. Stray meteors have visited our system, their cycles recurring numerous times; finally they disappear into outer space influenced by the pull of some stronger force.

Findlay is a colorful figure, ruddy of face and round of figure. One hundred percent Findlay we call him, and not behind his back; he loves it. Three or four cigars invariably decorate his right hand vest pocket. His left hand vest pocket holds two fountain pens and two automatic pencils. Findlay is a salesman. He lives in hopes, I suppose, of having four customers all wanting to sign thousand-dollar contracts at the same time. Imagine the humiliation if this did happen, and one of his customers had to wait for a pen! The psychological moment would be gone, the point to which he had been working would have passed. This would be comparable to Einstein breaking a pencil during the final stages of a problem, after weeks of work, into the fourth and fifth dimension. No lead—no pencil—no knife, so he rushes hither and thither; finally, he chews chunks of wood off his pencil. Too late, the thought is gone; humanity and civilization are left in the dark ages of the third dimension.

Smith and Findlay catch the tail of Mac's conversation as they arrive at the end of the car. Findlay immediately takes over. "At last," he said, "one hundred percent power! Just think, with one ounce of matter packed in a car, we can take a trip around the world. I would sure like to get the agency for the first car. Boy, would I clean up a million!"

Findlay is always going to make a million. Odd, these chaps who have to eke out their street car tickets are never satisfied. One hundred thousand to them is skimmed milk; it must be a million. "Yes, sirs," continues our flamboyant friend, "this will revolutionize the world. What do you think, Smith?"

Smith hesitates a moment; he never has been known to let a thought slip out with out a respectable shirt on it. "Well, gentlemen, this is an epoch-making morning. From time immemorial (Smith loves this expression) new power has always ushered in a new era; as King Arthur mournfully intoned from the barge, 'The old order changeth yielding place to new.' Let us look for examples in past history. Until the discovery of fire man roamed the earth in small family groups. With the advent of this miracle, they banded together in tribes. Fire changed man from solitary to gregarious animals. Steam? Let us look at steam. Until the nineteenth century the feudal system held sway. It was not until the power of steam shortened distances, and added its levelling influence in all classes that feudalism finally disappeared and our capitalistic system took control. Now I ask you, gentlemen, dare we trust this atomix power in the hands of such a system? I think not. I suggest to you that we are due for a change, and that change will be socialism. Now, gentlemen . . ."

Smith is not poetry,—just scraps of verse, just sketches of a scene, a way of life, To wake, perhaps, some wandering memory With some suggested whiff of new-mown hay, Or homelier scent of barns, or upturned earth . . . Echo of frogs that croak in far-off sloughs, Some well known broken sky line, sunset splashed, That some of you who read may smile a bit, For things now lost that once were close and dear . . . "Oh, yes—I know—I once was there myself."

A WRITER'S PRAYER

Lord, let me never tag a moral to a tale, nor tell a story without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work.

Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people, for they are both alive. Show me that as in a river, so in a writing, clearness is the best quality, and a little that is pure is worth more than much that is mixed.

Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light.

Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real.

Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.

Steady me to do the full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me; pay what wages thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen.

—Henry van Dyke.

THE GATEWAY

Around the Bookstores

"The World, The Flesh, and Father Smith," by Bruce Marshall; Houghton Mifflin, \$2.50.

Bruce Marshall has given us the story of a quiet little Scottish priest, trying to meet the trials of life in his city parish. It is quiet drama with the drama of everyday life.

Father Smith is not the ambitious hard business type. He meets today's problems as they come and tries to make the best of them. A high position in the church is not

an old house has been acquired for the nuns. The room which is to be the chapel is blessed quite thoroughly by the bishop, even to the tiniest darkest little corner, to make it quite suitable. This is, of course, because the chapel was formerly used as a billiard room. It is especially blessed because the former occupant was a chartered accountant. Of course, the reader is expected to know that the author of this book was, himself, a chartered accountant.

Human Story

By little anecdotes such as these the pattern of life in this parish is woven into a very human and amusing story.

Mr. Marshall has ample opportunity to put forth his beliefs

through the speech of Father Smith.

The quaint little priest meets a worldly young woman who wrote a popular novel called, "Naked and Unashamed."

He immediately pours forth his whole heart to explain to her what religion really means.

She will not believe the Bible. It conflicts with science and her pet philosophy, communism.

Father Smith gives a long dissertation on God's Purpose and disproves her pagan theories, but her intellect is unable to understand.

Bedeila, a kittenish young widow, marries Charles Horst, an eligible bachelor with means. They appear to be very happy in finding one another. An attractive young neighbor, Ben Chaney, becomes very friendly with Bedelia, and the story looks as if it will develop into an ordinary triangle love affair.

However, Chaney informs Horst that he is a detective, that Bedelia has already killed several former husbands, and is probably planning the same fate for Horst.

Miss Caspary has written an interesting study in psychology.

It is different from the average murder story of today.

She drops little hints in the story that enable the reader to look ahead.

Thus, some of the element of surprise has passed before the climax, but by skillful handling, she holds the reader's interest to the end.

There is only one satisfactory conclusion for such a plot, and the writer has wisely chosen that.

"Bedeila" is not a great novel, but

can provide interesting entertainment for an evening's reading.

"Bedeila," \$3.00, Blakiston Co., Philadelphia.

Franklin, Timely Now As Then

I join with you most cordially in rejoicing at the return of peace. I hope it will be lasting, and that mankind will at length, as they call themselves reasonable creatures,

have reason enough to settle their differences without cutting throats; for, in my opinion, there never was a good war or a bad peace.

What past additions to the conveniences and comforts of life might mankind have acquired, if the money spent in wars had been employed in agriculture, even to the tops of the mountains;

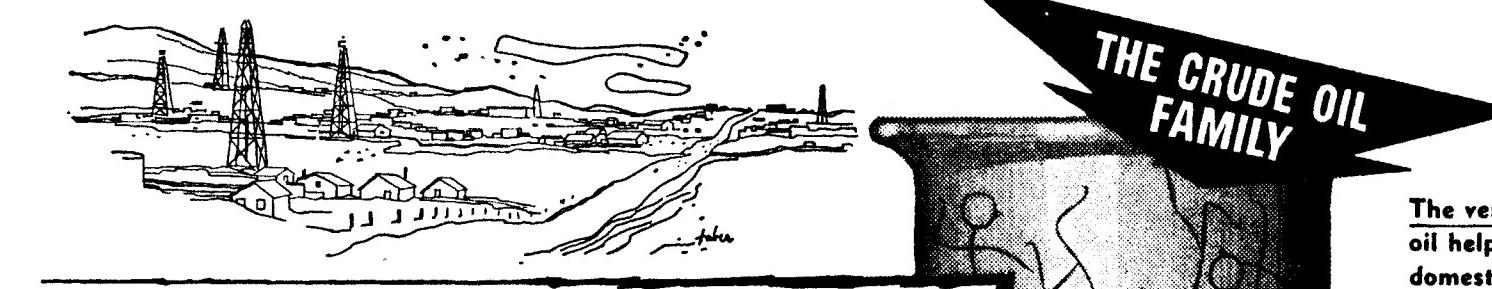
what rivers rendered navigable, or joined by canals; what bridges, aqueducts, new roads, and other public works, edifices and improvements, rendering England a complete paradise, might not have been obtained by spending these millions in doing good, which in the last war have been spent in doing mischief—in bringing misery into thousands of families and destroying the lives of so many working people, who might have performed the useful labors.

CKUA SCHEDULE

Tuesday, Nov. 20—8:30 p.m., Campus Musicals. Miss Naomi Wershof, Soprano; Miss Lois Macpherson, Pianist.

Wednesday—7:30 p.m., Orchestra Practice (Con. Hall).

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT OIL



The Amazing Family THAT DWELLS IN CRUDE OIL

Through hundreds of miles of underground pipe lines and by tanker and tank car, crude oil flows for processing to the seven Canadian refineries of Imperial Oil Limited. If you looked at some of this crude oil in a test tube you would see only a

dark colored fluid. But if you looked at it with a chemist's eye, you would see that crude oil is a mixture of carbon and hydrogen. These two elements in crude oil combine in hundreds of

different ways, giving hundreds of different "hydrocarbons". While they are all closely related, the members of the petroleum hydrocarbon "family" vary considerably . . . some are very light and volatile

others are heavy and sluggish with many "in-betweens". By separating the crude oil

family into its various groups of hydrocarbons, Imperial Oil Limited produces over 500 different petroleum products—all of them very useful

servants of Canadians today.

Teach me to see the local color without being blind to the inner light.

Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real.

Keep me from caring more for books than for folks, for art than for life.

Steady me to do the full stint of work as well as I can; and when that is done, stop me; pay what wages thou wilt, and help me to say, from a quiet heart, a grateful Amen.

—Henry van Dyke.

The very light hydrocarbons in crude oil help provide synthetic rubber . . . domestic and industrial fuel gases . . . blending agents for aviation gasoline.

These peppy "naphtha" hydrocarbons give us the gasoline that drives our cars, trucks, tractors and airplanes and solvents used in paint and polish manufacturing.

These hydrocarbons of the kerosene family aren't as active as their lighter brothers, but give very steady light and heat.

The fuel oil family of hydrocarbons are sturdy fellows that provide Diesel fuel oils . . . fuel oils for ships and industry . . . and fuel to keep the home fires burning.

The "lube oil" hydrocarbons have just the right "body" to lubricate our car and airplane engines and industrial machines.

The asphalts let people walk all over them in the form of asphalt roads. You find them in airport landing strips and over your head in asphalt shingles and roofing materials.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

This message is the sixth of a series; the next advertisement will tell



what goes on in "Oil's House of Magic."

UP CURTAIN

C. M. Damkwick

Take, O take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again, bring
again;

Seals of love but seal'd in vain.
—Shakespeare.

"Oh, fie, Miss, you must not kiss and tell!"—Congreve.

Shirley Temple not only kisses and tells in her new picture, which incidentally is her best since the goldilocks days, but carries matters one step further until she has the folks believing that she is about to become a mother. The situation is not as incredible as it sounds, for Shirley has grown up into a mature and extremely self-possessed young lady. It's a bit hard to become reconciled to the idea, but when Miss Temple takes the part of a fifteen-year-old today, she is characterizing just as surely as Don Ameche playing an octogenarian.

This movie will appeal more to the adult audiences than to Shirley's juvenile fans, despite the fact that the story is all about kids. The yarn, taken from one of Booth Tarkington's novels, spins along at a merry clip, coveting not the Pulitzer prize. It's all very simple, thinks Shirley. An older friend gets secretly married, and in the natural course of events has occasion to visit an obstetrician's office. A gossipy

SITTIN' IN WITH POP

Attention, chillun! Here is your Hit Parade:

1. 'Til the End of Time.
2. It's Been a Long, Long Time.
3. I'll Buy That Dream.
4. That's For Me.
5. On the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.
6. Along the Navajo Trail.
7. I'm Gonna Love That Guy.

Extras:

8. How Deep Is the Ocean.
9. It Was Only a Paper Moon.
10. You Came Along.

These selections are the most played, most sung, in order of their popularity. If you don't think that



I've taken to pipe smoking like a prof to knowledge since I've discovered sweet, cool, mild Picobac.

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exquisitely fashioned of Roses, Carnations and Gardenias

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BRITISH WOOLLENS

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Men's Wear Specialists

Burberry Coats
for Ladies and Men

"ANGLES"

By The Tiger



Varsity Male?

Ever since I have been tall enough to put a cocktail glass on a bridge table, I have marvelled at the tales of vice and voluptuousness which have centred around those alleged masters of seduction, the university males. If we are to believe these amusing legends, this bold race of men led a life of gaudy lubricity, rolling magnificently from one liaison to another, and leaving in their wake an almost endless queue of ruined co-eds, nurses and waitresses, and generally leading the life of an amorous guinea pig. After four years of university life, I feel it necessary to explode this mythical daredevil legend, as I have been unable to find even one of these monsters of promiscuity those after hours activities have kept our province humming with stories of wickedness in high places, and provided country persons with new energy to thunder from the pulpit about the purity of our hall that morning.

The piece de resistance is the event of Shirley's first movie kiss. May we reiterate, Miss Shirley Temple has passed the awkward age and does exceedingly well in her new sphere of endeavor.

our selections are right, or if your favorite tune didn't rate even an "extra" rating, then let us know about it. This can be done by writing your ideas about our hit parade and putting them in the Post Office Box "G" for Gateway. If you do this, your Pop'll appreciate it.

Here's more bad news for you, I'm afraid. It probably won't be new to you by this time, but it's worth mentioning. The untimely passing of Jerome Kern on Armistice Day in New York City will produce flurry of activity in the moving picture industry, where different interests will hustle to put out a film of his life. Jerome Kern was the composer of Show Boat with its familiar melodies, as well as that well-known piece of American contemporary music, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Kern may be dead, but his music will live forever.

In Search of . . .

This column could easily be headed "Dear Diary," because it's mostly about me. Of course, that doesn't necessarily make it interesting, but then they say all persons are interesting, and I'm a person. This column, then, is about me—a freshie—what I see, what I feel—what impressions I'm receiving in this new Varsity life around me.

There's a lot of moaning and groaning going on around the campus this week, and for a very good reason. November exams are in progress. I've been studying hard this week, and when not plugging away on the books for the exams coming up, have been walling with my friends about the exams I've written.

Peculiar thing about students. They go through the weirdest contortions after a test, extending their palms to the heavens and crying, "Allah, Allah," or some such idiotic phrase. And in spite of knowing that they passed the examination hands down, they rush over to assure you that they didn't make the grade. Then the marks come back, and we find the biggest moaner with the best mark, and so on down the scale. Wonder why?

From what I've seen, pretty well all the students are buckling down to the grind, and have been flailing away at the books since the term opened. The returned men are working hard because they're afraid they won't make the grade at University after years away from high school. Those out of high school are plugging because they're afraid the

vets get ahead of them. 'Tis a vicious circle!

Seen in Math 42 class recently—Professor Sheldon demonstrating infinity to his class. To prove a point, the professor was pacing around the room in his own inimitable style trying to find infinity. Opening the door leading to the hall, he looked eagerly into the hallway, and then turned to the class. "No. No infinity isn't there." He searched through the drawer of a desk. "No. It isn't there either." Suddenly, he pointed: "Ah, look class. There goes infinity out the window." One particularly bright student at the rear of the room immediately went into action, like a machine gun, chattered "Aaaaaa" and then in gleeful terms turned to his prof. and exclaimed, "I've got him for you, sir. You don't have to worry any more."

Seems as "hoo" a pretty little dainty came tripping out of Pembina last week, slipped on the icy sidewalk, and promptly sat down with a bewildered look on her face. I've noticed that the first thing a person usually does in such a case is to look hurriedly around. I know I always do. Said co-ed didn't disappoint me, and she glanced around sheepishly as she dragged herself off the walk. Yes, several passers-by had wide grins on their kissers.

our hero hiking his way back to Athabasca with the burning resolve in his heart only to go out with nice girls and House Eccers from now on.

In most cases, an experience of this sort brings out in medical students a desire to buy a pipe and stay home at nights, and in engineers the need to carry one's slide rule at all times.

Probably many of you have wondered how these fabulous fables of loose living university students ever got started. My theory is that in the first place, every male likes it to be known, secretly, of course, that he is a "bad one". The usual method of maintaining this impossible reputation is either by open lying or by sinister hints. I prefer the latter method myself. Also, one may stand in front of the bathroom mirror for an hour each evening and try to acquire the twisted smile, etc., of one who has sold his soul to the devil. I find, however, that this always leaves one with a sore and stiffened face, which usually results in one wearing a look of continual agony as he struts through the Arts Building, rather than the tight-lipped, cynical appearance that is desired. The drooping eyelids or veiled threat effect which is often desired, may be easily acquired by staying home and studying till one, which everyone should realize is the way the vast majority of university students acquire this appearance.

For every one that is out succumbing to the seductive advances of creatures of the pavement, there are at least a hundred having plenty of trouble to work up enough courage to phone that beautiful blonde freshette in first year Arts that they saw in the hall that morning.

In conclusion, I might point out that there is a false impression existing in the minds of university males that a fellow who has the look of one who lived is more attractive to the average university female. Simply phone up one of them and ask them if they would like to live dangerously for an evening. If you have any success, you're a better man than I.

This summer I noted in one of these bucolic journals that holds such a sway over the minds of the average citizen of this part of Christendom, an urgent warning to keep little John and Mary away from this den of iniquity. The preposterous suggestion was advanced that all they would learn there is atheism, communism and the art of love in its more interesting aspects. Again the dung work is glittering in the sun now that the war is over, and university students are coming out of hiding. Once again, in the fevered minds of vice crusaders and women bridge players, "those dreadful university students" will again don their traditional robes of devility and once again the tales of his riotous ways of living will provide a wealth of material for church suppers and afternoon bridge games. Once again, mothers will shiver with fright when daughter calmly announces that she is going out with a medical student.

In order to safeguard against any more young fellows coming to Varsity on the strength of the delightful prospects that are supposed to be waiting there for him, I feel the time has come to explode this charming myth. The painful truth of the matter is that the average student attending the University of Alberta in this year of our Lord 1945 is quite incapable of all these talented and intriguing affairs with which he has been so wrongly credited. Chances are if you turned the average freshman engineer loose in New York or Paris he would hike for the first Y.M.C.A. building in sight.

Occasionally, I will admit, when backed by a crowd of his friends and perhaps with his courage fortified with a little fire-water, he will indulge in a few oilish smirks and eye-rollings in the direction of something that passes as female beauty before his clouded vision; but as soon as these advances are returned, in nine cases out of ten, we will find

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THE GATEWAY

- : COLLEGE QUIZZ :-

(2) ARE YOU A GOOD 8 O'CLOCKER?

1. You arrive in time for your first lecture. You should:
 - (a) Blush, and modestly accept the class' felicitations.
 - (b) Enter with a great flourish, chest expanded (male students only).
 - (c) In future get up five minutes later.
2. The lecturer has not arrived when the bell rings. A good class should:
 - (a) Wait at least one minute before evacuating.
 - (b) Organize a search.
 - (c) Demand a refund from the bursar.
3. The required minute has expired and you are racing down the steps, when you meet the old boy sprinting upstairs. You should:
 - (a) Explain sheepishly that you've forgotten your book.
 - (b) Pretend you don't know him.
 - (c) Ask him if he's got a match.
4. The moon goes down; people are getting out of bed; the class commences, but your pen is at home. You should:
 - (a) Open your brief case; produce a goose; commence searching for a quill.
 - (b) Slash your neighbor's wrist and, using your finger, copy in blood.
 - (c) Borrow a pencil.
5. The lecture bores you. You should:
 - (a) Tell the lecturer to smarten up.
 - (b) Unbutton your coat; remove your shoes; go to sleep.
 - (c) Organize a small crap game.

Do We Worry?

November 15, 1946.—On Thursday, at 4:00, a meeting of the Students' Union was held in Convocation Hall. Of the student body of 3,000, there were 207 present, including The Gateway reporter.

President Turnstile opened the meeting, and the minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. Correspondence was then dealt with and quickly settled to the satisfaction of the members.

Representatives of the various committees made their reports, and there seemed to be a general dissatisfaction with the financial arrangements under which the clubs were operating.

The main item of the meeting was the presentation of the budget. A fine new goldfish bowl was suggested for the Art's Rotunda, and after a short discussion, a sum of five hundred dollars was set aside for the purchase of said bowl. It was also suggested in the view of the major expenditure of this kind, that it would be a waste not to have the

bowl fitted with steam heat and a small air conditioning unit for the comfort of the fish, recently shipped up from Peru. A sum of two hundred and fifty dollars was then voted to cover the cost of the heating and air conditioning equipment.

It was proposed by Sidney Hyphen-piper, and seconded by Gordon Proon that there be purchased for the Medical Building a large neon sign to make the nature of the building better known to the general public. This motion was passed, and an allowance of twelve hundred and thirty dollars was made for the design and construction of the sign.

Representatives of the various committees made their reports, and there seemed to be a general dissatisfaction with the financial arrangements under which the clubs were operating.

I was enveloped by a sweet perfume from the garden outside, and now a breeze blew through the wide doors that led to the balcony. The breeze seemed to bring in a warmth that had not been there. I looked at the keys again, and they were cold and still. I stared up at the music, maddening as it was. Something flooded my heart; I wanted to cry.

I felt soft fingers on my forehead, softly caressing my face. Something brushed against my cheek. It was then that I noticed that tears were running down my face; soft, salty trickles flowed down my cheeks. Through tear-filled eyes I looked at the music and then at the keys, and as I looked, fingers hidden from me started to move over the keyboard.

From the heart of the instrument came the melody that had been my source of inspiration. The theme was beautiful, it moved tenderly, sweetly, softly pulsating. It ebbed and then surged up and up, on and on, and the soft lovely face of the melody changed to a leering death mask. Now it was a harsh hammering, a thumping mad, hopelessly horrible thing. And then it suddenly stopped. I looked out and I could see the moon. It was full and strong.

I stared up at the big, round lamp over the operating table. I turned my eyes down, and over my body was a long, white sheet. I was groggy, still under the effect of the anaesthetic. I tried to move my toes; they turned up at the bottom of the table. I tried to move my arms, but nothing happened.

I was tired and drowsy. They pushed me along to the elevator now.

"Drunken drivers . . . pianist and composer . . . solo of his new concerto tonight . . . emergency . . . amputation . . . both arms." Panic seized me. With wild-eyed horror I looked up at the doctor who walked beside me. I searched in his eyes. He nodded his head.

Again I saw the room and the piano, and now I knew.

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bowl fitted with steam heat and a small air conditioning unit for the comfort of the fish, recently shipped up from Peru. A sum of two hundred and fifty dollars was then voted to cover the cost of the heating and air conditioning equipment.

From Soup to Nuts

By Curly

What with Waw-Waw Weekend and the Atomic Conference in full session at the same time, it only remains for someone to harness the wrath of a woman scorned to defeat the atomic age.

Have you noticed how frequently names and faces reoccur in executive positions in the student body. If you haven't, look around you; at any University dance, at a fraternity or sorority or a house party, in the various clubs frequently, too frequently, it is the same few who are the drive and force behind any movement and the workers who carry it through. Who are these people? Of what special breed are they? What master brain lurks behind their too often weary eyes?

The truth is that they are no special breed or race, nor do they possess any genius rating which makes their lectures unnecessary periods to be spent as they will. The next dance you go to, give it some thought; who buys and arranges for the flowers, for the orchestra, the food, the decorations and the favors. At your club, who is it arranges the program and the place of meeting? In any of the University societies, The Gateway, Green and Gold, in fact, all organizations within the University are run by the students themselves, men and women, who are not a race apart. Work has to be done by them also for their lectures, their essays have to be in the same date as yours,

... SOIREE ...

This little story was told to me by a friend who knows quite a bit about life in the modern community. He thinks that it is good, otherwise he wouldn't have been repeating it for the last three years.

When I first heard it, my friend had just returned from Vancouver, where he had stayed at the new Hotel Vancouver. As he tells it, he was sitting in the lobby one peaceful evening when a soft voice penetrated his newspaper screen, requesting a light. Now the Hotel Vancouver is known across Canada for its soft voices requesting matches. My friend, aware of the custom and in no mood, was about to announce that he did not smoke, when a certain quality in the voice caused him to look up to behold its owner.

Sitting in the club three weeks later, my well travelled friend's face shone in reminiscence.

"She was the most beautiful lady of the night I have ever seen," he said, moistening his lips and running his hand lightly over his bald head. "I cannot describe her adequately," he went on, "all I noticed was that she was young and tall and very well shaped. Her clothes were neat and well kept, but obviously bespoke a small budget."

After I had lit her cigarette, we passed the time of day in pleasant conversation. We talked of this and that, and found ourselves across the road in a small cafe, having dinner. Later we retired to my room for a few drinks. I realized later that not only had she gagged on her cigarette, but that whisky was apparently new to her. Her conversation was mature, however, and though I had done most of the talking she, too, seemed intelligent enough.

By midnight we had both spun our yarns, and seemed to be at the end of our conversational tether. She made no move to go, but just sat there looking at me and taking small sips of her Scotch until I began to wonder what in the hell she was waiting for. I was tired, and I wanted to get a night's sleep. However, just to make sure that I left nothing unsaid, I let drop a few remarks.

SKIPPING LECTURES

WITH CLEMEN-

From McGill Daily

ALL OVER YOU ITS SHOWING

By these signs they are knowing, to McGill you are going. . . . You're always carrying a satchel full of books (or should be) . . . Those triangular red and white stickers pasted all over your texts. . . . You think Al "Short Circuits" Tunis is better than Sean Edwin, and Winchell (almost) . . . You haven't cracked a text since last exams, but are always talking about how. Next week, you're really gonna knuckle down, not like last year . . . that tired look . . . those bags under your eyes. . . . You're appreciation of the finer things (i.e., Scotch, Rye, Beer, the Rockheads Paradise) . . .

ADVERSE VERSE

* * * *

There was a young co-ed from Ember . . . Who came to the "U" in September . . . Her hair was a fluff . . . That girl knew her stuff . . . She married the prof in December . . . A divinity student named Teewdle . . . Refused to accept his degree . . . He didn't object to the Tweedle . . . But he hated the Tweedle, D.D. . . . Oh, heart, oh me . . . I love she . . . But she loves he . . . and he ain't me . . . So me and she . . . Ain't we . . . See? . . .

OH TO STUDY AT ELLENSBURG

With the girls outnumbering the boys fourteen to one, Central Washington College in Ellensburg, Washington, is trying out a "dat raffle" to obtain a fair distribution of male escorts for a hayride. Co-eds will draw lots for the thirty eligible dates and, to prevent a scramble among the winners, all the boys will be concealed behind a curtain. Each winner will pull her prize into view by pulling on a string.

SHORT OUTLINE OF MISINFORMATION

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off . . . Chivalry is what you feel when you're cold . . . A myth is a female moth . . . A good milk cow is told by her rudder . . . Matrimony isn't a word—it's a sentence . . . Straight means without soda or ginger-ale . . . The main cause of divorce is marriage. *

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

A new school of industry and labor relations, the first of its kind in the country, has opened at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. The first class has 105 students, 60 of which are veterans and 19 women. . . . The University of Virginia is receiving \$300,000 from Jesse H. Jones, former Secretary of Commerce, to create a Woodrow Wilson School of International Affairs. *

WOMEN'S RIGHTS

WHY WE OPPOSE POCKETS FOR WOMEN . . . (1) Because pockets are not a natural right . . . (2) Because the great majority of women do not want pockets. If they did they would have them . . . (3) Because whenever women have had pockets, they have not used them. . . . (4) Because women are expected to carry enough things as it is without the additional burden of pockets . . . (5) Because it would destroy man's chivalry toward women if he did not have to carry all her things in his pockets . . . (6) Because men are men and women are women. We must not fly in the face of nature . . . (7) Because pockets have been used by men to carry tobacco, pipes, whisky flasks, chewing-gum and compromising letters. We see no reason to suppose that women would use them more wisely.

on the double - - - by dottie ward

their exams are marked by the same stiff standards as are yours. They are in all probability carrying a course as heavy or heavier than yours. The labor of the few and the unthinking acceptance of the many is an old, old story in campus activities. With so many service men back at University, this unthinking acceptance is likely to be worse than ever. For years Service personnel have had their life organized and directed for them; their shows and entertainment catered to by one or more Auxiliary Service unit, and now with this background they are thrust into university life, and are more than likely to go on expecting others to do the organizing and providing. Part of their rehabilitation is getting rid of this attitude, and then getting into the swing of things and running it for themselves. The veterans who have already accepted executive positions are just as rushed and just as worried about their course as you are, and many of them have been away from university as long or longer than most. From now on we veterans are on our own, and it is up to us to contribute to the utmost. Our stay at university will only give us complete rehabilitation if we learn here to mix with others and to take our part in organizations which are completely divorced from Service concepts.

Anyway, whether you are a veteran or not, the next time you club, your faculty or year organization, or any campus activity needs your support, don't leave it to the few. At the present time the burden falls on a mere handful, and what is more, they will be quite happy to share the load.

TOUCHE!

* * *

This year Alberta Pandas have determined to give us basketball at its best. It was a great disappointment to all concerned last year when the hard-fighting team lost out by such a narrow margin. The first game on Thursday evening will show us how our girls sack up against the city league teams. Later, our hoopsters will meet the Saskatchewan and Manitoba teams for the highlight competition of the year. The prize of this series is the Cecil Race Intercollegiate basketball trophy. When Color Night comes along we count on seeing it among Alberta's trophies.

Congratulations are in order for Coach Tommy McClocklin, who was married last week. The couple are spending their honey moon in Edmonton.

* * *

A Fancy Skating Club seems to be in the first throes of organization.

MOVED OR STOLEN FROM TUCK

A C.C.C. Balloon-tired Bike, red frame with cream fenders. Anyone knowing of its whereabouts, please contact H. E. Bell, or Phone Assinibina Hall, 33985. Reward.

Women's Sports Editor

Dorothy Ward

Within the next few days the Varsity Covered Rink should be opening for the season. During the last week, Rink Manager Mike Bevan has been very busy getting a sheet of ice ready for skating and hockey. Students should watch for notices with regard to opening date, hours, etc.

W.A.A. Discuss Intramural Sport**Vera Hole Calls for Basketball Players**

The Women's Athletic Association of the U. of A. held a meeting on Nov. 12 in the Upper Waunaeta Room. The meeting was presided over by Sylvia Callaway, president over of W.A.A.

Business of the meeting got underway with various club reports from the respective club representatives. Mrs. Preston, who attended the meeting, presented several suggestions for the consideration of the members.

On of the main issues discussed was the lack of interest and participation shown by the women students on this campus. The sports clubs offer the use of equipment, halls, professional coaching and social contacts.

For those who have not delved into the inner secrets of their constitution, this is just a reminder that Color Night always rolls around at the end of the year, and it is then that the major and minor awards are presented.

Every woman has equal opportunity to try for "A" pins and other awards. It is a worthwhile effort. For details on points and awards refer to the new constitution, pages 127 to 132.

This year the Intramural competition is sadly in need of support. With the cessation of military training for women students, there should

Panda Schedule**Student Support Urged**

Just to make things interesting, the Edmonton Senior Girls' Basketball League has drawn up a new schedule. Games are now to be played on two floors, Commercial High School and Athabasca gym.

First half of the new schedule follows:

Nov. 15—Varsity vs. South Side; Mortons vs. Walk-Rites (at Varsity).

Nov. 22—Walk-Rites vs. Varsity (at Commercial).

Dec. 5—Mortons vs. Walk-Rites; Varsity vs. South Side (at Commercial).

Dec. 12—Varsity vs. Walk-Rites; Mortons vs. South Side (at Commercial).

Dec. 19—Varsity vs. Mortons; Walk-Rites vs. South Side (at Commercial).

be a renewed upsurge of faculty spirit and competitive participation. Surely women are as loyal and enthusiastic supporters of their faculty as are the men.

The W.A.A. sends out a plea for players for the Interfac basketball. Vera Hole is manager of the sport this year. With her fine basketball record and excellent playing ability, Vera will make Interfac a worthwhile venture for those who turn out. Interfac players will now meet Wednesday from 4:00 to 6:00 instead of Monday.

The meeting voted unanimously for the appointment of Mrs. R. Sandin as Honorary President of the Association for 1945-46.

**He found what makes the Planets move**

As a boy Isaac Newton (1642-1727) built a clock, a mechanical carriage, and dreamed of sailing through the air. One of the most brilliant mathematicians of all time, he discovered the binomial theorem and the elements of the differential and integral calculus. He studied the heavens, carried on experiments in optics and color, and built a reflector telescope. Observing an apple fall from a tree in his mother's garden, he began to ponder on the attraction of mass to mass, and so evolved the theory that the law of gravity governs the whole universe.

Just as a falling apple suggested to Newton a line of research which had far-reaching results, so such things as a broken gear, a worn-out grinding plate or a burnt-out heating element have started industrial scientists on researches which have saved thousands of dollars to users of a great variety of products.

Research on Nickel has helped industry in scores of ways to save money by using Nickel and its alloys. That meant more Nickel could be produced and sold from Canadian mines.

Now, as after the first World War, International Nickel is continuing to co-operate in research in order to find new uses and markets for Canadian Nickel.

The information collected by International Nickel from the whole field of metal research is available at all times to Canadian engineers, designers and metallurgists.

Thus will science and industry, working together, build a wider use of Canadian Nickel so that still more benefits will come to Canada.

FORWARD THROUGH RESEARCH

Canadian Nickel

INCO
NICKEL ALLOYS

In There Punching!

By Murray Stewart

Tough luck, Golden Bears. Even the fact that we chewed our fingers to the bone didn't seem to help very much.

Congratulations are extended to the really fine U.B.C. Thunderbird squad. Coach Greg Kabat has fashioned a team that was definitely quality for their win. After losing two straight on their prairie trip, the Birds showed a complete reversal of form to drown our Bears in two coast games by the crushing scores of 19-3 and 17-1. The fact that they lost their prairie tilt to us by 12-0 was thus firmly erased from the minds of the U.B.C. followers.

Golden Bears Coaches Maury Van Vliet and Percy Daigle made up a 1945 aggregation that was one of the best ever seen in these parts, but they lacked the drive and finish that comes with plenty of able reinforcements. We hope that next season will see the Hardy Trophy once more resting in the Arts Building silversware closet.

* * * * *

Recent communiqué from Rink Manager Mike Bevan reveals that skating will start at the covered rink this week-end. After some five years, the Varsity rink is once more a part of the Varsity scene.

President of Hockey Barss Dimock expects that recently appointed coach of the Senior Golden Bear hockey squad, Andy (Shorts) Purcell, will be icing his men some time next week. As defenders of the Halpenny Intercollegiate Hockey Trophy, the Golden Bears will need all the workouts they can get. Shorts Purcell, local hockey player on former senior squads, and reputedly a good man on the blades, should be just the man to whip the Bears into shape for their spring defence of the trophy.

* * * * *

Professor Van Vliet's Senior basketballers have already rolled to two victories in the Edmonton Senior League. They really look like a coming team, with players like Don and Del Steed, Phil Proctor, Bill Hansen, Jim MacRae, and Bill Price to spike their scoring plays.

The Juniors of Floyd Searle gained their first victory of the season last week by a 18-16 conquest of the South Edmontonians. When the Junior Bears hit their stride, they'll not only be hard to beat, but they'll be a fine source of Senior Bear ball handlers.

Both the Juniors and Seniors play at the Drill Hall at 7:30 each Friday night. Portable bleachers soon to be available will make a trip to the hall well worth while.

* * * * *

This edition of The Gateway includes a new addition to the Sports Page. Women's Sports Editor, Dorothy Ward, is inaugurating a Women's Sports Column which will be run regularly on page 7. This new column should help to keep the female population of the campus better informed with what cooks in the sports world that might be of interest to them.

* * * * *

Athletics for women come to the fore this week-end as Waw-Waw takes over. Males will be franticly (?) trying to evade (?) the clutches of the beautiful (?) Alberta co-eds. The chase is on—could be interesting.

Juniors Win

The Junior Varsity Bears ripped the lid off the Edmonton Junior Basketball League season in the Drill Hall last Friday with a close win over the Edmontonians of the South Side by a score of 18-16, in a game that featured more enthusiasm than sharpshooting.

Opening up in a cautious manner to the powerful but young city team, the little Bears floundered for a full quarter before they turned on the heat. From there, in a blistering pace was kept up by both squads, with the short leads varying from one to another to the three-quarter mark. The Bears came into their own to finish the game a single field goal ahead.

Despite an obvious lack of workouts together, the Bears gave signs that the junior silverware should perch on Varsity shelves this winter. Built around such hoopers as Phillips, Allan, Munson and L. Erdman, a few more practices will put the juniors in shape to take on anything the league will offer.

There was power displayed at

frequent intervals when the boys clicked for a few brilliant plays, but their co-operation was bad due to little working together. Countless times they were under the basket, but accuracy failed them. Time and again they worked the Edmontonians back into their own defense area and kept them there, but the basket was as elusive as a mist.

The game was very well handled by Jack Heifner and Ed Tomick, and a good crowd was on hand.

Box score:

	South Edmontonians						Varsity Juniors					
	FG	GFT	PFS	PFT	PF	PS	FG	GFT	PFS	PFT	PF	PS
Kimball	1	4	0	1	4	2	1	8	0	3	0	2
Higgin	0	4	0	0	4	2	0	2	0	0	0	0
Huster	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Howard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Humphrey	1	8	0	1	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0
Duncan	2	5	1	2	3	5	2	0	0	0	0	0
Swall	3	5	1	2	1	7	0	0	0	0	0	0
Tevidalde	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	7	31	2	10	18	16	1	8	0	3	0	2

U.B.C. Skin Bears In Last Game of Series

Bears Riddled With Injuries as Hardy Cup Departs

On Saturday, Nov. 10, the University of Alberta Golden Bears took it on the chin, but hard, as a fast moving, well-reinforced University of British Columbia Thunderbird squad copped the Hardy Trophy with a 36-16 series score, after dropping the first of the three game series by a count of 12-0 on the home field of the Albertans.

Riddled with injuries suffered in Wednesday's clash, when the Birds were flying to gain a 19-3 decision, the Golden Bears were definitely no match for the coast team, as those worthless rolled to a crushing 17-1 victory.

Bears On Injured List

Mickey Hajash, Paddy Westcott and big Bob Freeze were all performing with cracked ribs. In addition, fullback Hajash played on an injured ankle and with some muscles pulled in his back. Our Golden Bears certainly lived up to the "college spirit" angle in every possible meaning of the word. Through out a game that saw the Thunderbirds overwhelm the Bears with fresh reserves, the Alberta line never did seem to hit its stride, but they never stopped trying. Old faithfuls like Art Howard, Ken Nickerson, Art Follett, Rae Sutherland, and Bert Hall were in on every play. The line was simply plowed under by the roaring Thunderbird backs.

Clarkson and Guman

Big guns for the B.C. aggregation were Reg Clarkson and Phil Guman. Able supported by team-mates Rex Wilson (B.C. captain), Fred Joplin (veteran signals caller for the coast squad), Dimitri Goulebeff (unbeaten end), Bert Horwood, Bill Sainas and a really solid front wall, these two rolled over the hapless Bears for repeatedly long runs.

It was Clarkson who capitalized on Porky Boyce's fumble on the Bear 6 yard line halfway through the first quarter, to sweep around left end for B.C.'s first major. Just for good measure he also kicked the convert to make the score 6-0 for the Birds.

Alberta Squad Threatens

Late in the first canto the Bears rolled as far as the Bird 13 yard line, but there they bogged down. When it came to the final effort the prairie team just didn't seem to have it.

The second quarter was scoreless as play went from one end of the field to the other, with Billy Ingram matching kicks with Reg Clarkson. Once in this session the Bears reached as deep as the Thunderbird 15, but again they lacked the punch necessary to put them into the scoring column. The first half ended with B.C. enjoying only a small territorial margin over the fast tiring Bears. The Birds scored seven first downs to six for the Alberta twelve.

Score Only Point

As the second half got underway the B.C. quarterback put Phil Guman to work, and he rattled off five plays in a row for two first downs. No slouch in any league, that boy. Finally, however, the Thunderbirds were forced to kick, and the Bears received the ball. Moments later Ingram lofted a third down kick over the B.C. goal line and Sutherland was in fast to make the rouge. This didn't worry the Thunderbirds in the least, as with only about three minutes remaining in the third, Guman smashed over centre for the second major of the day, and Clark converted, to make the score 12-1 for the home team at the three-quarter mark.

In the fourth and final quarter Clarkson sped around left end for another five points, but missed the convert, to make the final score 17-1. Play ended with the ball deep in the Bear end of Varsity Stadium, still fighting but outplayed by the new holders of the Hardy Trophy for Western Intercollegiate football. Coach Van Vliet of the Bears hopes that the trophy will not be out of our trophy cupboard for very long. A summary of the game might well say, "Too much Clarkson, too much Guman."

Lineups:

	University of British Columbia						University of Alberta					
	Ends	Smith	middle	Nickerson	Miller	guards	Allan	Follett	centre	Howard	Horwood	Wyatt
	Ends	Smith	middle	Nickerson	Miller	guards	Allan	Follett	centre	Howard	Horwood	Wyatt

Second quarter—No scoring. Third quarter—Reg Clarkson, 1 point; Allan, 1 point; Nickerson, 1 point; Follett, 1 point; Howard, 1 point. Fourth quarter—Howard, 1 point; Allan, 1 point; Nickerson, 1 point; Follett, 1 point; Horwood, 1 point. Total points: 12.

First quarter—U.B.C., touchdown, Clarkson, 5 points; convert, Clarkson, 1 point.

Second quarter—No scoring.

Third quarter—Reg Clarkson, 1 point; Allan, 1 point; Nickerson, 1 point; Follett, 1 point; Howard, 1 point.

Fourth quarter—U.B.C., touchdown, Clarkson, 5 points.

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